

7-9-2014

## Ralph Ernest Gould Correspondence

Ralph Ernest Gould 1870-1954

Hilda McLeod Jacob  
*Maine State Library*

Maine State Library

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GOULD, R

E

Lisbon, July 14, 1870-



March 23, 1945

Mr. R. E. Gould  
Anson  
Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

Congratulations upon COUNTRY STOREKEEPER, which we are eagerly anticipating both for its story and for its author, who is, we understand, a Maine man. A book of such varied experiences cannot fail to be of interest, and it is always a pleasure to welcome a new name to the roster of Maine's literary people.

Possibly you know of the Maine Author Collection, an exhibit of about fifteen hundred inscribed presentation volumes, written by those born in Maine, resident here, or writing about the state. These volumes are everything from cook books to legal studies, from histories to children's stories, from books on art to books on guns. And the inscriptions are a most distinctive touch. Some of our authors write tributes to Maine as the inscription; we find pen-and-ink sketches, autobiographical anecdotes, sometimes even verse. They all are original, and lend an especial interest to a very fine collection. These books are permanently cared for, and we also gather all available biographical information, book reviews, photographs when possible, and correspondence.

We hope that you may want to inscribe and present a copy of COUNTRY STOREKEEPER to the Maine Author Collection. Please accept our best wishes for the success of the book, and our cordial invitation to call at the library and see the Maine Author Collection when you are in Augusta.

Sincerely yours

hmj  
Encl--1

Secretary

R. E. GOULD  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Distributor of  
American Oil Company Products

ANSON, MAINE,

March 24 5  
194

Dear Madam:

I shall be glad to  
send a copy of the "Country Storekeeper"  
when issued, for your collection,  
but I am afraid that some of your authors  
might be insulted to find their book  
and theirs near each other. I am not  
a trained writer but I used to be for  
sometimes in a letter to the Editor  
of the Lewiston Journal and  
G. S. Staples sometimes used to  
put my letter in a box in "Just Facts"  
and use it as a text to talk on and usually  
always he agreed with me. I am quite  
fond of Maine, born, Maine ancestors  
for 200 years, 150 of us were on the  
old home farm in Thorburn where my  
nephew John Gould resides and who  
induced me to write this book. The book  
is about my life past. My father once  
told me that a real Gould had rather  
make some one laugh than make  
a thousand dollars and if I can make  
some one laugh with my story  
of the struggles of a Country  
Storekeeper I shall be well repaid  
for my efforts. My



R. E. GOULD  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Distributor of  
American Oil Company Products

ANSON, MAINE, 194

former stenographer who typed the  
Mrs. told me that she is sure this  
book was written in the worst  
handwriting of any ever put out  
so I feel sure of one A. if nothing  
more, A. G. Staples intimated, as  
much once. The book is advertised  
to be out in May. I have been collect-  
ing photos to give the artist who will  
illustrate it with line drawings. Hoping  
that the book will not prove such  
a disappointment that you will feel  
moved to return it

Yours very truly  
R. E. Gould

March 27, 1945

Mr. R. E. Gould  
Anson  
Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

Your friendly response delights us, and we anticipate eagerly the publication of COUNTRY STOREKEEPER. We shall have the book, of course, in the lending section of our library -- in fact, a prospective purchaser was at the library recently to inquire whether or not it had yet been issued, and we know there will be many calls for the book. Our lending copy will be ordered from a book dealer, but it is good to know that the Maine Author Collection may expect an inscribed presentation copy.

It is kind of you to mention the fact that you are so undeniably a Maine author! Perhaps at your convenience you would be willing to send us a little more detail, such as your birthdate, birthplace, and any other notably interesting facts. Is your nephew whom you call John Gould the writer of that name who gave us NEW ENGLAND TOWN MEETING, and has occasional columns, both humorous and wise, in the Christian Science Monitor? One good bit of advice merits another: since he urged you to write COUNTRY STOREKEEPER, we wish you would urge him to do another book, incorporating more fully the experiences of which the newspaper articles hint.

Our good wishes continue for your book, which promises to be of unusual interest, and not a little humor.

Sincerely yours

hmj

Secretary



R. E. GOULD  
AGENT FOR AMERICAN OIL COMPANY  
DEALER IN WOOD  
ANSON, MAINE

Dear Mr. Jacobs.

May 27-1945

In trying to produce a version  
as an inscription for your copy of  
"The Country Storekeeper" I have produced  
this. I have included in the book a  
chapter on "Gods People" which is  
a criticism of the way churches  
are conducted by storing the money  
for running a store out of the store  
keepers by a sort of black mail.  
I wanted to say a word that would  
put me in a better light and finally  
I hit an idea and finally I sent  
it off to the publisher with a sug-  
gestion that they might include it  
if they thought it was worth it.  
And if they turn it down you can  
have it for the inscription if you  
want it.

Very truly yours  
R. E. Gould

R. E. GOULD  
AGENT FOR AMERICAN OIL COMPANY  
DEALER IN WOOD

The Country <sup>(ANSON, MAINE)</sup> ~~Stork~~ <sup>Kepler</sup> in Heaven  
maybe & if—

The hastening sin sinks in the west  
and soon I must lie down to rest.  
Time always has seemed short to me  
Soon I shall have eternity.

Friend God, upon that Golden Shore  
where saints praise thee forevermore  
I know as yet has no share  
In these delights and scenes so fair.  
But if there be some humble task  
I hope I might serve here what I can.  
No proud post no place of pride  
I would take little hope to hide  
Not in some golden chariot proud  
But in a flit over rattling road.  
I drive along the leafy lanes  
I would avoid the teeming plains  
I long by the rippling rills  
I pause upon the lofty hills  
I show them squirrels on the pine  
and like ponds and thickets dense  
where in a deer might chance to lurk  
Perhaps a good chuck at his work  
I show them where the big fish lay  
and when at last they had their day  
I bring them high top sweets and peaches  
and then at last they climb the stairs  
and when into their beds they creep  
I hold their hands while they sleep.  
R. E. Gould Feb 27-1945

March 27, 1945

Mr. R. E. Gould  
Anson  
Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

We like the poem! As an inscription in COUNTRY  
STOREKEEPER, it would certainly be unusual and original,  
and we commend your suggestion that it be so used. We  
are flattered that any word of ours should have prompted  
in any way this picture of small boys having a  
wonderful ride.

Sincerely yours

hmj

Secretary

R. E. GOULD  
AGENT FOR AMERICAN OIL COMPANY  
DEALER IN WOOD  
ANSON, MAINE

March 28-1945

Dear Mr Jacob:

John Gould my  
nephew is the author of New England  
Lovers meeting and other works. He also  
writes for the Monitor. New York Times  
Boston Post & other papers. He has a new  
book coming out this summer. He  
didn't tell me the title but sometime  
since he told me he was at work  
on "The young Correspondent"  
and I infer this is it. Regarding bi-  
ography I was born in Milton July 14-  
1870. I am a little bit of a  
book. I said I was born of poor but  
poor & my mother being  
poor & my mother being poor. What  
ever liking I have for books & general  
knowledge come from my mother  
and my humor & ability to tell a story  
came from my father. My father was  
with the 16th Maine at the battle of  
Gettysburg and his story of the first  
day's battle was a very vivid  
picture. I was the oldest of 8 children  
and my school stopped very early.  
When I was nine I stopped going to  
spring & fall terms but managed  
to get in the winter terms.

R. E. GOULD  
AGENT FOR AMERICAN OIL COMPANY  
DEALER IN WOOD

ANSON, MAINE

At fourteen I was all done except  
an injury that prevented my work-  
ing, enabled me to get a part of a term  
in High School. You would, no doubt  
have guessed as much from my  
writing. When my father died  
I wrote the inscription that was  
put on a boulder, subject on a boulder  
on the lot in Lisbon Falls Cemetery  
I think this is it

1768 Jacob Gould 1863

PIONEER

who penetrated the wilderness of the  
age of 19 and established a home  
on the easterly slope of Lisbon Ridge

1840 THOMAS J Gould 1929

Soldier and Farmer.

who succeeded to his father on his return  
from his country service and by his

Industry Prudence and Self Denial

Converted this rocky hillside into a fertile farm

This boulder from the acres they loved  
so well is erected as a memorial to their

Rugged Virtues

By their descendants.

This will give you an idea of our back ground.

R. E. GOULD  
AGENT FOR AMERICAN OIL COMPANY  
DEALER IN WOOD

ANSON, MAINE

you will note that my grandfather  
was 95 when he died and that he  
was 72 when my father was born  
and he had two children after that.  
I had a little son born when I was  
69 and my greatest sorrow  
is that he was drowned a year ago.  
I shall never get over that. He was  
just like me and wanted to be with me  
all the time. Perhaps this will show  
you how I felt when I wrote the  
verses that I sent to you the other  
day.

Very Truly Yours  
R. E. Gould

R. E. GOULD  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE  
Distributor of  
American Oil Company Products  
ANSON, MAINE,

May 21 5  
194

Dear Madam

The Stephen Daye  
Press has been declared bankrupt  
& the President is in jail  
according to the N.Y. Times so  
I think it unlikely that  
the Country Storekeeper  
will appear. This month  
I have a letter from Whittlesby  
Horn asking to see it so  
may get it going early.  
I put in a clause about it and  
at least 1000 copies was  
published in 6 rows the  
not published to me & that time  
was over to me & that time  
in up July 7. Hoping for the best  
Yours truly  
R. E. Gould

May 22, 1945

Mr. R. E. Gould  
Anson  
Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

Thank you for letting us know about the misfortune of the Stephen Daye Press. We are exceedingly sorry to hear this. It is to be hoped, however, that COUNTRY STOREKEEPER may be published without undue delay. We look forward with eagerness to seeing it.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of  
Maine Author Collection



R. E. GOULD

ANSON, MAINE

August 25 1945

Dear Mrs Jacob:

<sup>to know</sup> You may be inter-  
ested that today I have signed a con-  
tract with the McGraw Hill Book Co.  
— Whittsey House — to publish  
the Country Store Keeper (tentative  
title) and they are to pay me \$1000.00  
advance ~~royalty~~. This would seem  
to guarantee that it will be published  
and you will get your copy when  
as if it looks to me as if I was  
lucky that the Stephen Daye press  
held up as they did as Whittsey  
House are quite a concern.

Yours truly

R. E. Gould

August 29, 1945

Mr. R. E. Gould  
Anson  
Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

Thank you very much for keeping us posted about the progress of A COUNTRY STOREKEEPER. We certainly hope it may be available soon, for we look forward with great eagerness to reading this unusual book.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of  
Maine Author Collection

R. E. GOULD

ANSON, MAINE

Nov 11

194

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Dear Mrs Jacob:

It may interest you that my agents in New York write me that they have sold the serial right to 25000 words of my book to the Saturday Evening Post for publication in February + March for 5000<sup>00</sup>. The book to be delayed until April. I do not know what to make of such conduct and am haunted by a fear that I may become liable to a charge of getting money by false pretenses. It seems pretty wonderful to me.

Very truly yours

R. E. Gould

November 15, 1945

Mr. R. E. Gould  
Anson  
Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

How very nice of you to let us know of the new good luck about your book. Congratulations upon the appearance in such an exclusive publication! We are rather depressed to think that this means another delay before we can see the whole book, but we shall watch eagerly for the February and March Posts.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of  
Maine Author Collection

March 19, 1946

Mr. R. E. Gould  
Anson  
Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

The literary appetite has been so whetted by the Post excerpts from your book, and by your radio appearances, that we suspect many others are, like us, impatient for the actual publication of YANKEE STORE-KEEPER. It cannot but enjoy a wide popularity, along with its author. We look forward to the inscribed copy which you so kindly promised for the Maine Author Collection; and, in addition, we have it of course on our order list for the library; and I have on order a copy for my personal library. Good luck to the book!

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of  
Maine Author Collection

R. E. GOULD

MADISON, MAINE

March 21

194

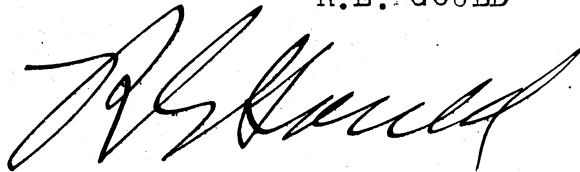
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Dear Mrs. Jacob..

You will get your book as soon as I can get some. But this thing seems to have got everyone guessing. The date for Maine is set at April 2nd and all the rest of the country at April 15th. They advertised the date as apr. 2nd for all and then set it ahead. I read this that the orders are coming in faster than they can handle them. I understand they now expect a sale of 100000 copies.

Yours Truly

R.E. GOULD

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'R.E. Gould', written in a cursive style.

March 29, 1946

Mr. R. E. Gould  
Madison  
Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

The delightfully inscribed copy of YANKEE STOREKEEPER for the Maine Author Collection arrived; and after the long period of waiting for its publication, we are happy to find that it more than justifies our anticipation. The book is wonderful fun to read; but it is also valuable for the picture of the country store, the storekeeper, and the community which it gives.

The freshness of spirit with which you write leads us to believe that you have only skimmed the top of your fund of anecdotes and experiences. They must be very nearly limitless!

Please accept our thanks for the collection copy of YANKEE STOREKEEPER, our warm good wishes for its success, and our cordial invitation to pay us a visit when you are in Augusta.

Sincerely yours

hmj

- In Charge of  
Maine Author Collection



—Kennebec Journal Photo

**BEST SELLER AUTHOR MEETS CHIEF EXECUTIVE**—Ralph E. Gould of Anson, second from left, who was principal speaker at the Augusta Rotary Club Monday night, arrived early and took in the State Capitol. During the morning he autographed his best seller—"Yankee Storekeeper"—one copy each for Governor and Mrs. Horace A. Hildreth. Governor Hildreth is shown at Mr. Gould's left. His escorts about Augusta were two merchants, Horace Ingraham, extreme left and John Leonard, right.

## Tells Rotary Profits From Country Store Best When Writing About It

The profits from country stores come from writing about them and not running them, Ralph E. Gould, Anson author of the best seller "Yankee Storekeeper," told Rotary Club members Monday night.

In a series of anecdotes, the slight, 76-year-old author held his address to the 30 minutes self-imposed limit, which, he told Rotarians, was all he permitted himself since the time he had listened to a speaker who had nothing to say for two and a half hours.

Assuring his audience that each of them contains a story "just as good as any you ever read," Mr. Gould said he had never thought of writing himself until after his nephew John Gould, Lisbon Falls editor and author of "A Farmer Takes A Wife," had produced his book.

"Yankee Storekeeper" was written by pencil at night on the backs of the "reams of useless information" sent him by a national oil company for which he is an agent. It was typed from day to day by a stenographer.

When he first sent it to a publisher they accepted it and later sent it back when selective service selected too many of their employees. A second time the book went out to

a publisher against whom he had heard from his nephew accusations of crooked dealing.

Again the book came back, this time when the publisher was convicted of fraud by the Federal government.

A third time "Yankee Storekeeper" went into the mails and met with immediate success. An advance on royalties of \$1,000 was received and when the Saturday Evening Post published it serially they sent its author \$5,000.

In his remark on the profits in running a country store, Mr. Gould told of his experience with a big manufacturing firm when a field team of that company did some research in the vicinity.

After the manager had run up a large grocery bill and had consistently disregarded the proprietor's requests to settle, Mr. Gould wrote the New York office of the company.

"Gentlemen," he wrote, "I am aware you are the biggest corporation in the United States, but unless you pay this bill you are going to be sued by the smallest man in Somerset County."

Return mail brought a check, the speaker recalled, and the manager was subsequently dismissed.



May 9, 1946

Mr. R. E. Gould  
Madison  
Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

Here is the poem, and we are delighted to have had even a small part in its preservation, delighted also to have a call from you. Do come in again.

Sincerely yours

hmj  
Encl

In Charge of  
Maine Author Collection

Mr. Gould recited THE PANTS JEMIMA MADE, by Holman Day, saying that it appears nowhere in print. He says the version in PINE TREE BALLADS was a later one, not the original.

Kennebec Journal May 7, 1946



Bill Peters, he had just unpacked some bran' new woollen pants.  
 (Bill keeps a sort of general store in a place that's called Cathance.)  
 It happened that the day they come, the work was sort of slack,  
 And several neighbors set around a-watching Bill unpack.  
 Bill said that woollen goods had got so gosh-all-fired cheap  
 There couldn't be no profit in the farmers keepin' sheep.  
 "But tain't took out of mine," says he, "I'm here to sell the pants,  
 And I've got the darndest bargain ever offered in Cathance."  
 The goods were gray and sort of mixed, and the weave looked pretty fair,  
 So much so several parties up and dickered for a pair;  
 And Bill said to Bial Skillings, "Bial, how're you fixed for pants?  
 If you want a rippin' bargain, you wont get no better chance."

Well, old Bial looked them over, and sort of shook his head,  
 And chewed his cud a minute, kinda solemn, and then said,  
 "I'll need a pair next winter, and I s'pose them's good's there be,  
 But when I think of what 'twas once, it well nigh puzzles me.  
 You younger chaps don't seem to sence the awful differunce  
 There is between them pants of yourn and the pants that we had once.  
 I swow it makes me humsick, when I step up to trade,  
 And the pants come up before me that Jemima Spillers made.  
 Miss Spillers lived in Somerset more 'n' forty year ago,  
 A chap that used to spark her sort of jilted her and so  
 She growed all-fired sour and lost her only chance,  
 She was so consarned old-maidish, but, by gum, she could make pants !

see corrected  
 edition -





"I carried her up the wool one fall, and she spun it all herself,  
And wove it on one of them air looms where you set up on the shelf  
And kind of wiggle back and forth, and in a little while  
She alashed me out a pair of pants that wasn't much on style,  
But, by gosh, if I was slimmer and could only make 'em fit,  
I'd have them pants Jemmy made, a-wearin' of 'em yit.  
Fust time I ever wore 'em, I was breakin' up some land  
Just chock-a-full of rocks and stumps as thick as they could stand,  
And right in the middle of that piece was one all-fired stump --  
I'd run ag'in it often with the oxen on the jump,  
But couldn't seem to fetch it. There she stood -- a roost for crows,  
With one limb allus p'intin' jest as if it thumbed its nose.

"And that day it sort of riled me, and I looked at them new pants,  
And says I, 'Old stumpy-doodle, here you go for one more chance.  
If you beat me in this wrassle, you'll have eternal lease  
On that place where you are squatted in the center of that piece!'  
Then I buckled up my britches, and I spit on my fist,  
And I took the gad between my teeth and give the plow a twist,  
And stuck it in the furrer, and grabbed the handles good and tight,  
And I hollered 'Hip hooroosh thar! Git up, Star, and gee up, Bright!'  
And, by gosh, we hapered across that medder, and the sile it split in two,  
And parted like the Red Sea waves when that whooping east wind blew.  
With every nerve a-strainin', and the oxen on the jump,  
And chains as taut as fiddle strings, we struck that blasted stump.



"There was an awful rippin' as if the day of doom had come.  
That stump flew open just like the jaws, and we went through on the hum.  
Just as I passed, them jaws come to with one tremendous crack,  
And grabbed them bran' new pants right where Aunt Spillers left the slack.  
That was an awful moment. It gives me the shivers now.  
The stump it held my britches, but, by gosh, I held the plow!  
I give a mighty hoorah, and the oxen give a lunge,  
And a rarin', snortin' scramble, and they most got smashed in plunge,  
And that stump come out a-kickin', but to tell the honest fac's,  
I had to leave them pants right there till I could get the axe.  
Oh, neighbor William Peters, I'm terribly afraid  
There'll never be no more such pants as them Jemimy made."

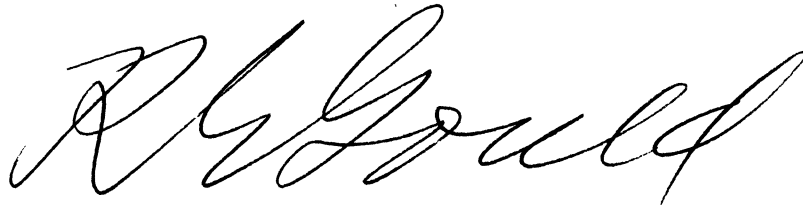


Madison Me.  
May 10  
1946

Dear Mrs. Jacob:

I am returning the copy you sent me with a few corrections. Some are very slight and make no difference in the sense but do affect the rhythm and the last one is really important, I am sorry to trouble you but I felt that if we were leaving something for other generations it ought to be as nearly as correct as we could get it, I get word from New York that there have been 60000 of my books printed and the stock is nearly exhausted and they are getting out a new edition, also a firm want to buy the radio rights. I thank you for your interest and hope that I will see you again sometime.

yours very truly

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "R. L. Gould". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed text.



May 13, 1946

Mr. R. E. Gould  
Madison  
Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

Enclosed is a corrected edition of the famous poem!  
It's good news about your book, isn't it? -- but not  
really surprising, in view of its character. Do come  
in again when you are down this way; your visits, though  
brief, have been most enjoyable.

Sincerely yours

hmj  
Encl.

In Charge of  
Maine Author Collection

## THE PANTS JENIMA MADE

Bill Peters, he had just unpacked some bran' new woollen pants.  
(Bill keeps a sort of general store in a place they call Cathance.)  
It happened that the day they come, that work was sort of slack,  
And several neighbors set around a-watching Bill unpack.  
Bill said that woollen goods had got so gosh-all-fired cheap  
There couldn't be no profit in a farmers keepin' sheep.  
"But tain't took out of mine," says he, "I'm here to sell the pants,  
And I've got the darndest bargain ever offered in Cathance."  
The goods were gray and sort of mixed, and the weave looked pretty fair,  
So much so several parties up and dickered for a pair;  
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Well, old Bial looked them over, and sort of shook his head,  
And chawed his cud a minute, kinda solemn, and then said,  
"I'll need a pair next winter, and I s'pose them's good's there be,  
But when I think of what 'twas once, it well nigh puzzles me.  
You younger chaps don't seem to sense the awful differunce  
There is between them pants of yourn and the pants that we had once.  
I swow it makes me humsick, when I step up to trade,  
And the pants come up before me that Jemima Spillers made.  
Miss Spillers lived in Somerset more 'n' forty year ago,  
A chap that used to spark her sort of jilted her and so  
She growed all-fired sour and lost her only chance,  
She was so consarned old-maidish, but, by gum, she could make pants!



"I carried her up the wool one fall, and she spun it all herself,  
And wove it on one of them air looms where you sit on the shelf  
And kind of wiggle back and forth, and in a little while  
She slashed me out a pair of pants that wasn't much on style,  
But, by gosh, if I was slimmer and could only make 'em fit,  
I'd have them pants Jeminy made, a-wearin' of 'em yit.  
Fust time I ever wore 'em, I was breakin' up some land  
Just chock-a-full of rocks and stumps as thick as they could stand,  
And right in the middle of that piece was one all-fired stump --  
I'd run ag'in it often with the oxen on the jump,  
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With one limb allus p'htin' jest as if it thumbed its nose.

"And that day it sort of riled me, and I looked at them new pants,  
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If you beat me in this wrassle, you shall have eternal lease  
Of that place where you are squatted in the center of that piece.'  
Then I buckled up my britches, and I spit on my fist,  
And I took the gad between my teeth and give the plow a twist,  
And stuck it in the furrer, and grabbed the handles good and tight,  
And I hollered 'Hip hooroosh thar! Git up, Star, and gee up, Bright!'  
And, by gosh, we hypered 'cross that medder, and the sile it split in two,  
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And a rarin', snortin' scramble, and a most kersmashin' plunge,  
And that stump come out a-kickin', but to tell the honest fac's,  
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There'll never be no more such pants as them Jeminy made."



February 10, 1947

Mr. R. E. Gould  
Madison  
Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

It is good news indeed that we may look forward to another book of your varied experiences this year. We shall watch for YANKEE DRUMMER, and we hope that your generous interest in the Maine Author Collection will continue, and that we may be privileged to add an inscribed copy of the new book.

It occurs to us that you may be able to help us in a problem which we are trying to solve for a patron. He write that he has the song "Riding down to Bangor on an eastern train, After weeks of hunting in the woods of Maine" in a Scottish student song book; and he wants to know who wrote it and where it first appeared. We have so far been unable to determine the answer, and we dislike to be found wanting, especially in such a local matter!

If this song, as may well be, is part of your repertoire, can you tell us who wrote it and where and when it first appeared? It sounds rather like Holman Day, but we cannot find it in any of his books. If you can help us, we will be most appreciative.

Sincerely yours

hmj  
Encl.

In Charge of  
Maine Author Collection



February 12 1947

Dear Mrs. Jacobs:

You can have a copy of the new book when it comes out which do not expect before next fall: I do not know who wrote the song you refer to but it sounds to me like that famous song written by an English author Picking Cotton down in dear old Michigan. If Holman Day wrote this he wouldn't have a man riding on an eastern train as it would be a western train. It doesn't sound like Day to me in the least. I am sorry but I never heard of it and can't help you .

Very truly yours



February 14, 1947

Mr. R. E. Gould  
36 South Maple Street  
Madison, Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

Thank you for your letter. It is good to know that the Maine Author Collection may anticipate a copy of YANKEE DRUMMER, but disappointing to learn that we must wait until fall!

Apparently we are destined not to discover the source of the elusive song, but we appreciate your pointed comment on the situation.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of  
Maine Author Collection

November 3, 1947

Mr. R. E. Gould  
36 South Maple Street  
Madison, Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

YANKEE DRUMMER is just as good as we expected it  
to be, full of chuckles and wisdom, and certainly  
headed for a well-deserved popularity.

The Maine Author Collection, to which you so  
kindly promised an inscribed copy, waits patiently.  
We look forward to including this book on its shelves,  
and have a niche beside YANKEE STOREKEEPER all ready.

Good luck to the book.

Sincerely yours

hmj

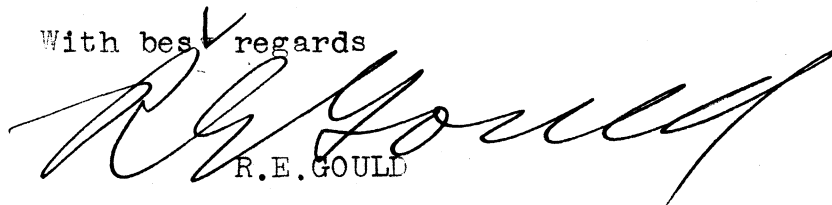
In Charge of  
Maine Author Collection

November 5 1947

Dear Mrs. Jacobs;

I felt like the man who named his son Goliath because he didn't want to waste a good name on such a miserable looking thing. But I hear from New York that they are all sold out and can't fill any orders before Nov. 10th which sounds encouraging so I have sent you a copy. Your letter sounds as if you had read it. Have you seen John's new book. It makes a very fine appearance but I can't decide whether it will appear as fiction or non-fiction. I am going out to Everett Mass to speak to the Kiwanis Club on the 18th and may be on the radio with Marjorie Mills. I have got my work nearly all cleaned up for winter. I am planning a trip to the Caribbean this winter if I can find a cruise that isn't all sold out for December. I hear that my brother Frank has written a story that has been accepted by the S.E. Post, and here is a letter from a distant cousin Patricia of Cape Elizabeth who has written some stories and wants to find a publisher. The Goulds are threatened with being writers

With best regards

  
R.E. GOULD

November 7, 1947

Mr. R. E. Gould  
36 South Maple Street  
Madison, Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

If you say so, we wont dispute you: it's a miracle.  
But we're getting used to the Gould miracles now, and  
sort of expect them!

Certainly I have read YANKEE DRUMMER, and it is  
every bit as good as YANKEE STOREKEEPER. Now I, and  
a great many other people, are waiting to see what  
else you've been in your varied career, and what turn  
the next book takes. No one should be in the least  
worried about the success of your latest tale; it has  
everything that is needed for popularity.

Your illustrious nephew's book I have only seen --  
just to glance through it; my own copy hasn't come  
yet, but of course that's another Gould whose writing  
has a strong appeal, and I look forward to his book  
with eagerness.

We hope that your cruise will be a pleasant one,  
and that you will be ardently homesick.

Thank you very much for inscribing YANKEE DRUMMER  
and presenting it to the Maine Author Collection. We  
add it with appreciation of book and author.

Sincerely yours

hmj  
Encl--4¢ postal refund

In Charge of  
Maine Author Collection



R. E. GOULD  
36 SOUTH MAPLE STREET  
MADISON, MAINE

January 27 1948

JAN 29

Dear Mrs Jacob;

I am trying to write another book about my boyhood and have written something about the Aroostook war. My father's oldest brother was a major in this war I have heard. What I have written was about the old things that hung up in our open chamber. Knapsack, Haversack, Canteen, sword, cap, gun, and bayonet saddlebags, and so on. If you have any book giving any thing about this time I would like to borrow it. I have just got back from a trip ending at Georgetown British Guiana and when they wanted to know where I came from I told them I came from the only state that ever declared war on the British Empire. They got quite a kick out of it and so did I. I have about 45000 words done and my publishers are encouraging me but I can't think it is very important but some who have read part of it say that it is good. In fact some say it is the best yet, I hope so. I saw your name in an article about the Library and it made me think that perhaps I could get enough out of a book to stretch my article another thousand words. If you have ever written any thing you realize that some times it is necessary to extend your remarks as they say in the congressional <sup>report</sup> ~~report~~.

With best wishes

yours truly

R. E. GOULD

N.B. We are glad to hear ~~of~~ that the reports on your new book are so favorable.

January 29, 1948

Mr. Ralph E. Gould  
36 Maple Street  
Madison, Maine

February 12 and February 19, 1948.

ctb

DUE FEBRUARY 12 - NO RENEWAL

HOULTON SOUVENIR, Barnes, copy 3

DUE FEBRUARY 19

AROOSTOOK WAR IN REVIEW, 1939, Centennial Celebration  
THE MAINE BOUNDARY CONTROVERSY, Clippings from the Northern  
NORTHEASTERN BOUNDARY, copy 2, Sprague  
AROOSTOOK WAR, HISTORICAL SKETCH AND ROSTER, copy 3

We are glad to hear that the reports on your new book  
are so favorable.

March 27, 1950

Mr. Ralph E. Gould  
Madison  
Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

Congratulations on the forthcoming book, YANKEE BOYHOOD. This could be called a series, now, couldn't it? Anyway, your faithful readers will be eagerly waiting for May 15 to bring the latest chronicle of your memory, and it certainly promises to be good reading.

We have added the title to our order list, of course; and we hope that you will want to continue your gracious and appreciated gifts to the Maine Author Collection with an inscribed copy of YANKEE BOYHOOD.

Sincerely yours

In Charge of  
Maine Author Collection

hmj



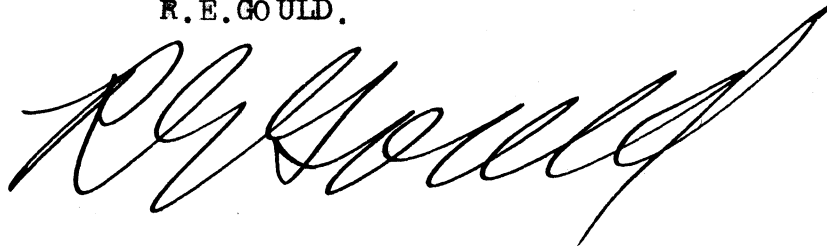
March 28 1950

Dear Mrs Jacobs :

I have your letter about the new book. I got some advance copies the other day and I think it is a much better job than either of the others. When I was writing this book I wrote in to the library to ask if you had anything bearing on the subject I was writing about and I never got a reply to my letter. I am wondering what was the matter

Yours truly

R.E.GOULD.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'R.E. Gould', written over the typed name.

March 29, 1950

Mr. Ralph E. Gould  
36 South Maple Street  
Madison, Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

Your letter saying that you did not have a reply to a letter addressed to us puzzles us a little. We can only assume that a letter strayed in the mail, because we did of course answer the one you wrote on January 27, 1948, in which you said: "I am trying to write another book about my boyhood and have written something about the Aroostook War..... If you have any book giving anything about this time I would like to borrow it."

At that time we sent you several items, and expressed our pleasure that the reports on your new book were so favorable. Your letter and a copy of our reply are in our files, but we find no further correspondence, so we feel that the letter which you report unanswered must have been another which was lost in the mail.

We are deeply sorry that this happened, and we wish that you had written in a few days, when you had no reply. We presume that it is too late now, inasmuch as YANKEE BOYHOOD is now published; but if such a situation should occur again, please write and inquire about a delay.

We hope that the welcome given to YANKEE BOYHOOD will be gratifyingly warm and lasting. We look forward to seeing a copy soon.

Sincerely yours

In Charge of  
Maine Author Collection

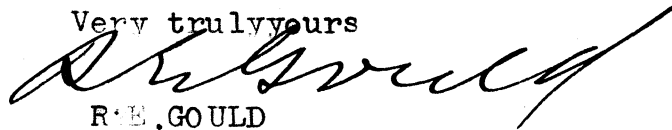
hmj

April 2 1950

Dear Mrs Jacob:

I have your letter and this explains it. I wrote to see if you had anything on a murder case. The mans name was Seigel or some thing like it. He lived in ~~Waterville~~ Hallowell and His was the last Public execution in Maine. The incident was not used in my story so the need for information is past. The publishers say very good things about the new book and they say they already have orders for 6500 copies and when you think that some one has said that the total sales for books average about 1800 you can see that I feel pretty good. I will send you a book when they are published. I have just received an invitation to come to a book fair to be held in Portsmouth and be the Principal speaker and have my books on sale this is on the 12 and 13 of May and the book is not to be published until the 15th I hope the publishers will allow the book to be on sale at that time. Some day soon I may be in Augusta and will try and stop in and see you.

Very truly yours



R.E. GOULD

May 9, 1950

Mr. R. E. Gould  
Madison  
Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

The autographed copy of your new book, YANKEE BOYHOOD, has arrived, and we place it in the Maine Author Collection with genuine appreciation of the gift and of your generous interest.

It is as full of real Maine humor and wisdom as were your earlier ones, and we feel confident that your account of those days will find a sympathetic popularity with readers.

Our thanks and congratulations go to you, and we hope you will find it possible to call and say hello on some of your journeyings about the state.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of  
Maine Author Collection

